

MY BIRTHDAY.

For bygone years I do not grieve,
Nor do I wish them back again.
The past, its joys and tears, I leave
And live anew for God and man.

Some lessons of the past I've learned,
And now the future I explore.
A larger, truer life discerned
Is dawning on me more and more.

November snow is falling fast
On dying fields and fading flowers.
Thus nature hides the joys now past
And leads me to her thoughtful hours.

She wins me to a nobler life,
A life with fuller, richer joy.
A peace that stills all inner strife,
A happiness without alloy.

I would not read the future years,
But live and work and love and trust;
When sorrows come, look up through
Tears.

For this I know, that God is just.
—F. V. Irish.

A RHINE LEGEND.

It was years ago and in Germany,
where, especially at that day, a mighty
line was drawn between the rich and poor,
that in a certain village beside the Rhine
lived two who made the old, old story
new for themselves and almost believed,
as lovers will, that they were the first
who had loved each other—Gretchen and
Carl, both peasants' children, and both
poor, in everything but youth and health
and beauty, as any town could be.

But for all this they would willingly
have united their fortunes, or their lack
of fortunes, but for the wise old folk,
who know so much more about the world than
young ones can and quite forget how much
better a lesson feast, with love at the
board, is to youth than all the dainty
vands that can be spread on silver and set
forth on damask if the little girl is away.

The old folk set themselves to oppose the
match stoutly on the ground that Carl
would never earn his salt and that Gretchen,
being very pretty, might make a better
match. Indeed the baron, whose castle
stood not far off, and who was not so old
as he might have been and was rolling in
gold, would, as all knew, have been only
too happy to stoop as low as the peasant's
cottage and have Gretchen for his bride.

But the girl found no charm in his title
or his wealth, or his person to lead her to
forget Carl, and when he left her to seek
his fortune, that he might share it, when
found, with her, she gave him a lock of
her golden hair and promised that she
never would forget him.

Gretchen sang and danced no more. She
changed sadly in face and heart, but the
baroness, who thought her more lovely
and more like a lady with her pale
cheeks and downcast eyes and haunted
cottage as much as ever.

Carl, ever so far away, footsore and sad,
but making sure of a fortune ahead of
him, and happy just as even his stout legs
began to fail him in meeting with a good
natured boatman, who took him on board
and bade him be at ease until he reached
the end of his journey. So Carl lounged
upon the deck of the little craft with its
load of cheeses, and looking over into the
water thought of Gretchen, never guessing
that his sight had brought to the surface a
beautiful mermaid, who no sooner set eyes
upon Carl than she fell madly in love with
him and began forthwith to sing and play
upon her lyre and comb her hair and use
all her mermaid arts to lure the peasant
to her. She floated with him to the mouth
of the Hague, where, finding no avenue to
fortune in any other direction, poor Carl
shipped on board a vessel bound for a two
years' voyage and hired a man who was
about to travel down into Hesse Darmstadt
to take the news to his sweetheart.

"And tell her," said Carl, "that I shall
think of her by day and by night and shall
return to claim her for my own when this
voyage is over."

The man promised and the mermaid re-
joiced, for Carl was to be within her reach
for two long years. But this was not
enough for her, for she was a very wily
mermaid. One moonlight night she saw
the messenger walking on the shore and
called to him.

He was an ugly looking fellow, with a
red nose, with whom mermaids were not
apt to fall in love, so he had never seen
one. And when she saw her with her
skin and sapphire eyes and floating hair,
her hands lying upon the golden strings
of her lyre, all ringed with pearls, and
pearls dripping from the lobes of her pure
ears and wound about her neck, and saw
her smile and felt her breath, and heard
her voice, he grew bewildered. First she
made love to him; then she bade him do
something to prove that he cared for her.
It was such a little thing—only to go on
board the vessel and take Carl unawares
and push him over. After that he would
find her waiting for him by the mouth of
the Rhine.

She had not the slightest intention of
keeping her word, but the man believed her
and went on board the vessel and gave a
form leaning over the bulwarks a push
that sent it down into the water, but in
his excitement he made a mistake and
only drowned a young sailor from Han-
over, instead of tossing Carl into the mer-
maid's arms. Then, terrified by the cry
the man gave, he fled, not waiting to keep
his appointment with the mermaid, but
making the best of his way to Hesse
Darmstadt.

Then, being a good Catholic, he be-
thought him—for he had no idea of his
mistake—that the drowned Carl would
have no masses said for him unless his
kindred knew of his demise, and so went
down to the cottage, where Gretchen sat
spinning. There he inquired if any there
knew one Carl Steyer. Then there was a
little cry and the wheel stopped.

"I bring news of him," said the man,
"bad news. I knew him in Holland. He
had shipped for a two years' voyage, but
before the vessel started he was drowned.
I saw him fall overboard. God rest his
soul!" Then he went away, inwardly
cursing himself and the mermaid, who,
in very excellent spirits, was following
over the sea the vessel on which Carl
sailed, thinking of nothing but home and
Gretchen.

The news never killed the poor girl,
since she never doubted it for a moment,
but though had she known Carl to be liv-
ing she would have thought of him only
and waited for him through long rolling
years and loved him though all his beauty
had left him and though he had returned
poorer than when he parted from her the
veil of death separated him from her so
completely and there was such a blank
wherever she turned her yearning eyes
that in the end she did not feel so gaily
with the Baroness von Claussen for looking
at her tenderly and holding her hand fondly,
and at last she married the baron and
went, with a crown of white flowers on
her head and white gloves on her brown
hands, up to his castle, his bride, and not
unhappy.

It was a grand wedding, and the bride

was beautiful, and the baron was very
kind to her, and instead of telling in the
fields Gretchen sat in her husband's house,
to be wooed on by her maidens, and wore
silk in place of coarse stuff, and golden
rings upon the fingers whence she had
slipped poor Carl's gift, the little silver
casket which was all that he could afford
to give her.

And in a year a little baby lay within
her arms and looked into her eyes and
taught her to love its father, who had been
so tender and so kind to her, and she was
Baroness Claussen, and a wife and
mother, and not the peasant girl grieving
for her lover any more.

Just at this time Carl, with his two
years' pay in his wallet and some hard
won possessions besides, stepped from the
ship's deck upon dry land and hurried as
best he might toward Hesse Darmstadt to
find Gretchen. That she might be dead
was a fear that crossed his mind, but that
she might be married never occurred to
him. He had sent her information of his
intentions. He had told, drenched by
rain, beaten by wind, pelted by hail, in
danger of shipwreck and assailed by the
fervid breezes of southern lands, to win
the little pittance which seemed so great
a sum to him. He had done it for the
sake of her love. He boated it and
footed it homeward in an ecstasy of yearn-
ing, and the mermaid, who had followed
the vessel over the ocean, waited for him
at foreign ports and followed it back again,
made her way along the Rhine.

The baron's castle hung over the Rhine,
and the nursery wherein the baroness
watched over her baby looked out upon
the water. It was under this window
that the mermaid stopped, her flossy hair
all tangled, her eyelids heavy, her lute un-
strung. And Carl hurried down to the
cottage, where Gretchen's grandmother
lived, and rushed in and cried for he
was so brown and so long bearded that
they did not know him.

"I am Carl Steyer, come back to marry
Gretchen. Tell me where to find her."
But the old grand dame answered:
"You can't be Carl, for he is drowned
and has had masses said for him. But even
if you were you have no business to call
the Baroness von Claussen your Gretchen."

"The baroness!" faltered Carl. "How
the baroness?"

"Aye!" said the old grand dame. "She
married the Baron von Claussen and has
as fine a young baron as any one ever set
eyes on."

"Where is she?" gasped Carl. "I'll
believe no one but her."

"She is where she ought to be, at the
castle," said the old woman. "But you'd
be mad to go there."

"Perhaps Carl was mad, for he went. He
put ashore porter and maid and page and
made his way to the room where Gretchen
sat singing to her babe, and she, seeing
him, forgot everything else and rushed to
meet him, and he took her in his arms,
and they wept. But soon he put her off
and asked her:

"I thought you dead," she said.

"Then great horror came upon her.
"Why did you come?" she cried. "I
am a wife. I had learned to love my hus-
band. Now there will be only you again."
And amid these words they heard a clatter
of horse's hoofs and a voice below bidding
the servant say if it were true that Carl
Steyer really were closeted with their mis-
tress—the baron's voice.

"See!" cried Gretchen. "See! He is
jealous! He will hate me. I must not
love you, for I am a wife. I cannot love
you, for he keeps me from you. Oh, cruel
to come back and seek and bring me such
shame and sorrow!"

"Cruel!" cried Carl. "Ah, she calls me
cruel! But see, Gretchen, I am kinder
than you have been to me. The baron
shall not find me here. Tell him Carl
Steyer's ghost came to you. You will
speak the truth, for I shall be dead when
you utter the words. Forget me, since
that will make you happy. Farewell!"

And as he spoke he pushed the lattice
open and jumped into the foaming waters
of the Rhine.

The jealous baron rushed in the moment
after, but found his wife alone beside her
baby's cradle—alone, muttering and moan-
ing of the sea and of Carl Steyer, as she
muttered and moaned through all her
weary life.

But as for Carl Steyer, he did not drown.
The mermaid caught him in her arms as
he sank beneath the waters and bore him
away to her caves of coral and pearl,
where, with her songs and her embraces,
she taught him to forget inconstant
Gretchen, the toils of the sea, the pleasures
of the land, his own soul and everything
but her.

So now, though the castle of the Baron
von Claussen is a ruin, and all the barons
of that name dead long ago, the peasants
often see a fair, weeping phantom at its
entrance and see in the stream below a note
fair as a maiden of the sea can be, who
bears in her white arms the most beauti-
ful of mankind, lulled into a mystic sleep
by the magic of her song. And they say
that it is the mermaid who followed Carl
Steyer across the ocean and now comes to
taunt and triumph over the phantom of
Gretchen Baroness von Claussen.—Ex-
change.

A Wonderful Task.

Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who
was presented with a gold medal for his
inventions, performed a most extraordi-
nary thing when he succeeded in manufac-
turing a complete watch in the space of
eight hours and from materials on which
any other watchmaker would have looked
contemptuously. It appears that the czar
of Russia, hearing of the marvelous in-
ventive genius of Curzon, determined to
put him to the test and forwarded him a
box containing a few copper nails, some
wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, and
a old cracked china cup, some wire and a
few crumpled board pegs, with a request
that he should transform them into a timepiece.

Nothing daunted and perceiving a gold-
en opportunity for winning favor at the
court, Curzon set about his task with en-
thusiasm and in the almost incredibly
short space of eight hours had dispatched
a wonderfully constructed watch to the
czar, who was so surprised and delighted at
the work that he sent for the maker and
conferred upon him several distinctions,
as well as granting him a pension. The
case of the watch was made of china, while
the works were simply composed of the
odds and ends accompanying the old cup.
Not only did it keep good time, but
only required winding once every three or
four days. This remarkable watch is be-
lieved to be still in the possession of the
Russian royal family.—Household Words.

Young Boy's Odd Profession.

A bright boy in the wholesale dry goods
district of New York has a long list of cus-
tomers whose pencils he keeps sharpened,
and who also patronize him for new pen-
cils. He has a patent sharpener and goes
from store to store and office to office, and
he makes between \$5 and \$7 a week, work-
ing four or five hours a day.

People vs. Geo. Casselman; assaulting
officer L. H. Titus.
Henry Whelpley vs. Clara S. Stoughton; assault; T. J. Cavanaugh.
People vs. Edwin Murray; violation
of local option law. L. H. Titus.

Marriage Licenses.
2158—Labin Mentor, 22; Fannie
Leighy, 22, both of Paw Paw.
2159—Lynn J. Lewis, 19; Nellie Gray,
19, both of Arlington.
3160—Guy Chapel, 24, Chicago; Flora
Hosner, 21, South Haven.
2161—Fred Hahn, 32, Bangor; Lizzie
Reum, 30, Niles.
2162—Fred H. Woodman, 27; Anna E.
Leddick, 18, both of Paw Paw.

"I am an old soldier of the rebellion.
A year ago I was in bed all winter with
chronic rheumatism. Three doctors
failed to give me relief. Two bottles
of Burdock Blood Bitters put me on
my feet. It is worth its weight in
gold." W. B. Knapp, Litchfield, Hills-
dale county, Mich.

Circuit Court.
Fred E. Phelps vs. Nellie Phelps; di-
vorce; decree granted.
Clara Bender vs. Frank Bender; di-
vorce; decree granted.
Ella Rockwell vs. Edward S. Rock-
well; divorce; decree granted.
Nellie M. Hough vs. Charles W.
Hough; divorce; decree granted.
Bartholomew Hard vs. Clara Hard;
divorce; decree granted.
George D. Cobb vs. Edwin M. Haven
et al.; foreclosure; decree and order of
sale.

William J. Sellick vs. Alvin Coulson
et al.; foreclosure; decree and order of
sale.
Thomas Nesbitt vs. Calvin Wilcox;
foreclosure; decree and order of sale.
Peter Walker vs. Freeman L. Roe et
al.; foreclosure; decree and order of
sale.

Wilson Lee vs. Mary Baker et al.;
foreclosure; case heard and decision
reserved.
Court adjourned until Saturday, Nov.
9, at three o'clock p. m.

Knight of the Maccabees.
The State Commander writes us from Lin-
coln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other
medicines for what seemed to be a very ob-
stinate cough in our two children, we tried
Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of
two days the cough entirely left them. We
will not be without it hereafter, as our expe-
rience proves that it cures where all other
medicines fail." Signed E. W. Stevens, State
Com. Why not give this great medicine a
trial, as it is guaranteed, and trial bottles are
free at Longwell Bros., Paw Paw, and J. F.
Barrows, Lawrence. Regular size, 50 cts.
and \$1.00.

Real Estate Transfers.
The following transfers of real estate
were recorded in the register's office
during the past week:
Poland Austin to J. W. Veley; 1 a s e
q 24 Bloomingdale; \$200.
R. E. Hamlin to F. L. Hollister; par vill
South Haven; \$25.
Walter Russell to Henry Selby and
wife; lot 4 blk Q Decatur; \$150.
G. W. Carl to W. J. Richards; e h n e q
w q 12 Pine Grove; \$700.
Jerusha D. Cory to Cornelia L. E.
Smith; lot 7 blk 13 Lawrence; \$175.
G. A. Northrup to Willis H. Dunbar et
al.; w h lots 1-2 Lawrence.
J. B. Tenen to J. B. Healey; middle 1
lot 4 blk 2 Gobleville; \$550.
J. B. Healey to W. S. Crosby; same as
last above; \$600.
A. L. Shekels to Frances A. Silver; lot
2 blk 2 Grand Junction; \$125.
I. P. Bates to R. L. Bates; n 10 a s e q
e q 25 Waverly; \$150.
Rowena A. Welch to Mary A. Cran-
dall; n h s e q n e q 1 Paw Paw; \$1500.
J. B. Hartley to R. P. Sherman; s h n e
q s e q 22 South Haven; \$1500.
Hannah E. Cox to Daniel Wilkinson;
w q s w q 36 Keeler; \$1400.
Andrew Scott to J. W. Scott; w s w
q 11 Arlington; \$1000.
J. S. Cross to J. W. Abernathy; lot 6
blk 15 Cross' add Bangor; \$350.
Harvey Brown to J. J. Newville; s h s
w q s e 15 South Haven; \$3000.
W. W. Bass to W. E. Bass as trustee;
lands two Lawrence; \$1.
W. W. Bass to H. O. Bass; lands secs 10
and 15 Lawrence; \$1.
James Shearer to Polly Shearer; 1 a
s e q 32 Keeler; \$600.
James Selkirk to Adeline Peckham;
e h lots 7-8 blk 24 H & Co's addition
South Haven; \$200.
C. M. O'Dell to B. O'Dell and wife; pt
lots 1-4 blk 12 Paw Paw; \$800.
W. H. Mather to G. W. Lamson; e 40 a
s 100 w q 22 and s h w h s e q n e q 20
Waverly; \$1800.

Christopher Veley, by heirs, to Mary
Austin; par sec 23 Bloomingdale; \$1.
Moses Stubble to Phoebe C. Brown; e h
s e q s w q 13 Cort; \$400.
Rosetta M. Aylworth to Edith Sears;
n h lot 1 e q 16 So. Haven; \$3500.
Chauncey Scarlett et al. to Arlison
Sanford; lot sec 30 Pine Grove; \$325.

It May Do as Much for You.
Mr. Fred Miller of Irving, Ill., writes that
he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many
years, with severe pains in his back and
also that his bladder was affected. He tried
many so called kidney cures but without any
good result. About a year ago he began
the use of Electric Bitters and found relief
at once. Electric Bitters is especially
adapted to cure all Kidney and Liver troubles
and often gives almost instant relief. One
trial will prove our statement. Price only
50c. for large bottle. At Longwell Bros.,
Paw Paw and J. F. Barrows, Lawrence. [6]

A Capital Local Option Beverage.
If an Abilene paper correctly reports
the testimony given last week in a
whiskey trial before District Judge
Humphrey, a new drink has been born
in Kansas. A witness upon the stand
gave testimony as contained in the fol-
lowing cross-examination:
"What did you drink?" was asked.
"Hop tea."
"What was it like?"
"Hop tea."
"Did you ever drink beer?"
"No, sir."
"Don't you know what it is like?"
"No, sir."
"Have you drunk anything that re-
sembles hop tea?"
"Yes."
"What was it?"
"Pillwink."
"Well," went on the county attorney,
"what is pillwink like?"
"It is like hop tea," was the answer.
And all the attorney could further
get out of that witness was the state-
ment that pillwink tasted like hop
tea, and hop tea tasted like pillwink.
—Kansas City Journal.

Probate Court Proceedings.
Following is a summary of the pro-
ceedings in Judge Hecker's court for
the week ending Oct. 17:

Estate of Betsey E. Southard, de-
ceased; petition for probate of will; hearing
Nov. 11.
Estate of Ward Kirk, deceased; peti-
tion for appointment of administrator;
hearing Nov. 4.

Estate of Samuel C. Baker, deceased;
will admitted to probate; letters testa-
mentary issued to David R. Wheeler;
appraisers' warrant issued to John
Graham and George Williams.

In the matter of John B. Van Auker,
insane; order admitting to asylum.
Estate of C. L. Eaton, deceased; or-
der allowing claims.

Estate of Stephen Long, deceased;
Andrew H. Campbell appointed admin-
istrator.

Estate of Warren W. Stoughton, de-
ceased; will admitted to probate.
Estate of Abram Cramer, deceased;
will admitted to probate.

Estate of Joseph Rogers, deceased;
will admitted to probate; letters testa-
mentary issued to J. R. Carr; apprais-
ers' warrant issued to E. P. Hill and A.
B. Copley.

Estate of Genevieve D. Barstow, de-
ceased; Fayette C. Barstow appointed
administrator.

Estate of Harlow Merriman, de-
ceased; estate closed to creditors.
Estate of Jacob Metz, deceased; hear-
ing on claims adjourned to Oct. 25.

In the matter of Edith Oakes et al.,
minors; guardian discharged.
Estate of Christian Hyde, deceased;
petition to determine lawful heirs; hear-
ing Nov. 11.

Texas Tans.
I am the State of Texas,
The great and only Lone Star,
The biggest in the
Firmament of the Union.

Once I was
The Bully Boy of the Brazos,
The Rip Snorting Rooster
Of the Rio Grande,
And I could lick my weight in wildcats,
And chew up a steer
And use his horn for toothpicks.
I could hang a host of
In four minutes by the watch
And shoot the town full of holes
On seventeen drinks of whisky.
But I am not that kind any more;
I am a changed being;
My ways are ways of pleasantness
And all my paths are peace.
I am a sucking dove,
And if anybody wants to kick
My tail feathers off,
I offer myself as a willing
Sacrifice.

I have forsaken the wild and woolly,
And shall go to Boston
For art culture
And the study of the Intellectuals
And break
The cowboy shall know me no more
Forever,
And the maverick
Shall no longer claim me as a brother;
That is the kind of a Texas
I am.

And if those prize fighters
Try to pull off a fight
In my midst,
By gravity,
Something's going to happen.
I won't have it under no circumstances,
For I've turned over a new leaf,
And they don't want to fight it.
That's no lie!
But if they want to lynch a host of
Well,
In some particulars
I am still the same old Texas!

—New York Sun.

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LEGAL NOTICES.
PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan,
County of Van Buren.—At a session of the
probate court for the county of Van Buren, held
at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw,
on Thursday, the 17th day of October, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.
Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Adeline Markle,
deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified,
of Edith A. Smith, praying for reasons therein set
forth, that administration of said estate may be
granted to H. P. Waters, or some other suitable
person.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 11th day
of November, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that
persons interested in said estate are required to ap-
pear at a session of said court, then to be held at
the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, and
show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the
petitioner should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that said petitioner give
notice to the persons interested in said estate of the
pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof,
by causing a copy of this order to be published in
the True Northernmer, a newspaper printed and cir-
culating in said county of Van Buren, for three suc-
cessive weeks at least previous to said day of
hearing.
BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan,
County of Van Buren.—At a session of the
probate court for the county of Van Buren, held
at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw,
on Thursday, the 17th day of October, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.
Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Allen G. Dayton,
deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified,
of Edwin J. Dayton, son of said deceased, praying that
a certain instrument in writing, now on file in this
court, purporting to be the last will and testament
of said deceased, may be proved, allowed and ad-
mitted to probate as such, and that execution there-
of may be granted to Fannie H. Dayton, the execu-
trix in said will named:
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 11th day
of November, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that
persons interested in said estate are required to ap-
pear at a session of said court, then to be held at
the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, and
show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the
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And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give
notice to the persons interested in said estate of the
pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof,
by causing a copy of this order to be published in
the True Northernmer, a newspaper printed and cir-
culating in said county of Van Buren, for three suc-
cessive weeks at least previous to said day of
hearing.
BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.—
State of Michigan, County of Van Buren.—At
a session of the probate court for the county of
Van Buren, held at the probate office, in the vil-
lage of Paw Paw, on Thursday, the 26th day of
September, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and ninety-five:
Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Allen G. Dayton,
deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified,
of Edwin J. Dayton, son of said deceased, praying that
a certain instrument in writing, now on file in this
court, purporting to be the last will and testament
of said deceased, may be proved, allowed and ad-
mitted to probate as such, and that execution there-
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be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that
persons interested in said estate are required to ap-
pear at a session of said court, then to be held at
the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, and
show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the
petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give
notice to the persons interested in said estate of the
pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof,
by causing a copy of this order to be published in
the True Northernmer, a newspaper printed and cir-
culating in said county of Van Buren, for three suc-
cessive weeks at least previous to said day of
hearing.
BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.—
State of Michigan, County of Van Buren.—At
a session of the probate court for the county of
Van Buren, held at the probate office, in the vil-
lage of Paw Paw, on Thursday, the 26th day of
September, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and ninety-five:
Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Allen G. Dayton,
deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified,
of Edwin J. Dayton, son of said deceased, praying that
a certain instrument in writing, now on file in this
court, purporting to be the last will and testament
of said deceased, may be proved, allowed and ad-
mitted to probate as such, and that execution there-
of may be granted to Fannie H. Dayton, the execu-
trix in said will named:
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 11th day
of November, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that
persons interested in said estate are required to ap-
pear at a session of said court, then to be held at
the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, and
show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the
petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give
notice to the persons interested in said estate of the
pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof,
by causing a copy of this order to be published in
the True Northernmer, a newspaper printed and cir-
culating in said county of Van Buren, for three suc-
cessive weeks at least previous to said day of
hearing.
BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

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